A

LETTER

TO A

GENTLEMAN of NOTE,

GUILTY OF

Common Swearing.

Recommended now to all ſuch of that Rank, as are under the ſame Guilt.

And fit to be peruſed by all Their Majeſties good Subjects, that would pleaſe both God, and the King, in helping to ſuppreſs this Crying Sin.

By *B. J.*

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A LETTER to a Gentleman of Note, Guilty of Common Swearing.

Worthy Sir,

THO this comes not from one that can pretend to the Honour of your intimate Acquaintance; yet one, nevertheleſs, your Friend in the greateſt ſincerity; yea, much more your Friend, than ſuch as can be unconcern'd, any further than to laugh at that which threatens the Ruin of a Gentleman ſo well accompliſht with more than ordinary Parts and Ingenuity.

To deal freely with you, Sir, (ſince I have lately heard you make ſo bold with One that's infinitely more your Superior, than you are mine) That which you might reckon the Grace and Emphaſis of your Talk, was to me ſo extreamly Noiſom and Grievous, that I found it a very difficult Task to be your Patient ſo long as I was. And becauſe I then ſpake ſo little to interrupt the prophane Humour, I think my ſelf obliged in Conſcience, to ſignify the more in this Paper; yea, the rather did I prevail with my ſelf ſo much to ſtifle my Reſentments at that time, becauſe I reſolved now to pour them out more fully in this manner, as hoping I might do it with leſs Offence, and better Effect, to propoſe the matter to your calm Thoughts, when cool and retired, than if I had offered to Ruffle before that Company, who might peradventure have ſtomach'd me as injurious to their Meeting, had I there ſolemnly enter'd the Liſts to diſpute that Cauſe, which I am going to plead with you at preſent.

'Tis to me, Sir, a moſt aſtoniſhing thing, to ſee one whom the Bounty of Heaven has rais'd ſo much above the Common Level, both for Endowments of Mind, and Enjoyments of the World, ſo far forget himſelf, as to fly in the Face of his Sole Founder, and Supream Benefactor, and at the moſt daring rate, Tear and Blaſpheme that Tremendous Name, which he has declar'd, *He will not hold him guiltleſs that takes in vain.* When 'tis not only the moſt irregular inverting the end of your Creation, (as if you were made only to diſhonour God) but the very height of Ingratitude, ſo to turn the noble Faculty of *Speech* againſt him, without whom you could not ſo much as *ſpeak at all.*

Can you chuſe, Sir, but diſcern what an Abſurdity it is to own the *Chriſtian* Name, yea, and bow at the very mention of *Jeſus*; and yet ſo ſlight and play upon the Great Lord of Chriſtians, as to Swear even altogether, when he Charges every one of his, *not to Swear at all.* And what does it, but ſtill add to the Abſurdity, when 'tis readily confeſt to be a ſcandalous Evil, which you ought to renounce, and yet you will as confidently perſiſt in this Guilt, as if you did not believe the leaſt harm to be in it?

What ſort of *Chriſtian* is that, who Acts as 'twere in ſpight of *Chriſt?* And I may ask, What kind of *Subject* too, that is ſo croſs to his *Sovereign*, as boldly to keep up that horrid Ungodlineſs, which our truly *Chriſtian Prince* has uſed the utmoſt care to ſuppreſs? Letting all the World know, 'tis after another rate now, he would have Men expreſs their Loyalty to him, than to *Swear* and *Drink* for him. As being a great deal Wiſer, than to expect they ſhould ever be true to him, who ſtick not ſo notoriouſly to Rebel againſt an Infinitely Greater. And were it at all poſſible, they could thus be Loyal, yet how would

would he abhor their Service at the coſt of God's diſhonour; counting it no commendable Reflection at all on his Sacred Perſon, to own ſuch bold Pretenders to his Grace and Favour: Who (if his Signal Example will not at laſt ſhame them into better Manners) muſt go Stigmatized as worſe Affronters of his *Laws and Majeſty*, even than any that take upon them to diſpute the Right of his Royal Authority. For tho I do not think, that this admits of any juſt Scruple at all; yet as to the *Prophane Cuſtomary Swearing*, there's not the leaſt Controverſy with any whatſoever, But that he, who allows himſelf in ſuch a known Wickedneſs, openly Reſiſts, and Defies the *Crown* of *Heaven* and *Earth* both together.

Whatever, Sir, be your Station, Revenue, Titles, and Dignity, you cannot imagine, ſure, that you have any Authority to be a *Common Swearer*, as you are a *Gentleman*, a *Magiſtrate*, or a *Soldier*.

Firſt, As a *Gentleman*, how utterly ſhould you ſcorn ſuch Boariſh Manners, as infinitely below you! That which is a Badge of Infamy to the very ſcum of the People; arguing no better Rank and Quality, than to be of the Hiſſing Lineage of the Old Serpent, who is for Spitting his Venom moſt againſt him that is abſolutely the Beſt. Can it become your Dignity, or ever be reckon'd as any of your Bravery? Be ſure, that Lamp of Reputation which is fed with God's Diſhonour, will caſt but a very ill Smell in any Noſtrils, except ſuch as prefer the naſtieſt Dunghill before the ſweeteſt Garden. The *Swearing* which I now make bold to capitulate with you concerning, but like an Impoſthume iſſuing out of a dead Mans mouth, ſpeaks you even *Dead in Sin*, and ſo rots your Name, and lays all your Honour in the duſt.

But

But the most unaccountable thing it is, that ever *Swearing* should be reputed a Mark of fine Breeding; or any gentile, graceful Property, which in truth is so contrary to all good Manners, and a rude Entrenching upon all Orderliness and Common Civility; a Nusance and Affront to every Ingenious, Sober Company; and the greatest Offence to all that fear God, and make any Conscience at all of his Word; who had rather you should spit in their Faces, than so outragiously abuse and mock the Sovereign Object of all their dearest Love, and highest Regard.

Next, as a *Magistrate*; Are you not obliged, Sir, to Check and Punish this very thing, which your self have been so deep in the guilt of? And which your own Practice so tends to Countenance and Embolden, that the *Vulgus* take no small Pride to be in your Fashion, thinking to ingratiate themselves with their Betters, by licking your Ulcers; yea are afraid to be hissed off the Stage as Squeamish *Precisians*, should they be so Cowardly as not venture to Copy out such Presidents; and so even to save their Credit, it seems necessary to transplant their Shame into your Soil. Thus instead of exerting your Power and Interest to quash that Prophaness and Blasphemy, which *makes the Land to mourn*, and cries aloud for Vengeance; How do you sadden the Souls of the Righteous, strengthen the Hands of the Wicked, and express the greatest Spight and Enmity to your Country, in doing still so much the more Mischief, by how much the larger is your Influence? For this makes the *Wicked* Swagger, and tumultuously *walk on every side, when the vilest Men are exalted.* When such possess the Places of Honour, Trust and Power, as not only stand for Cyphers, to let the most obnoxious escape with Impunity; and dare not shame that which Dishonours

nours God, leſt it ſhould put themſelves to extreme Confuſion; but alſo ſerve for a Back and Skreen to the Blaſphemous Rout, to make them ſcorn the *Parſon*, and ſet every Reprover at defiance, when as they have ſuch big Names to quote for their Juſtification and Warrant. O! Sir, How do you think the Eternal Judg of Quick and Dead, will in the final Audit, look upon this ſort of *Magiſtrates*, that gave ſuch ſingular aid and furtherance to his *Miniſters*?

Again, as a *Soldier*; Can you think it your Valour, Sir, to hector God Almighty? And that you are a ſtout Man, becauſe you dare make ſo bold (as no one in his right Wits would do) with the Supream Majeſty? Whom to contemn, the very Heathens have counted it no better than Fool-hardineſs and Madneſs: Or is there any thing like a wiſe Conduct in the Caſe, when as you are engaged againſt other Enemies, to go *ſtrive with your Maker*, and ſo make him your Enemy too? O! Sir, if you would approve your ſelf truly Great and Couragious, here's a Combat worthy the faithful *Soldier and Servant of Chriſt Jeſus*, even to encounter with all your might this *reigning Sin of Swearing*, that like another *Mighty Goliah*, ſends out Challenges againſt *Heaven*, defying not only the *Hoſts of the Living God*, but even the *God of Hoſts* himſelf; yea, that Marches through the World, Great and Terrifying, Inſolent and Domineering, to diſhearten, even, the Zealous for their Lord's Intereſt, from venturing to reſiſt it.

When this Party of Rebels is grown ſo big, that the Injuſtice of the Cauſe even ceaſeth to be queſtioned, and their Numbers paſs for Arguments on their ſide; and therefore do ſo many take the boldneſs to liſt themſelves into the Helliſh Regiment; taking it for a piece of Cowardice to *fear an Oath*; when he that will not

Swear

Swear at all, is ready to be pointed at, with (ὅτος ἐκεῖνος) yonders he! ſtar'd at as a Prodigy, and ſcoffed for a Pedant. When you hear your Company, Sir, grow ſo Malapart and Sawcy with God himſelf, to toſs in their unhallowed Mouths, as a thing of nought, his Tremendous Name; and at every turn cite the Glorious Majeſty, and Dreadful Judg of all the World, to vouch all their impertinent Prate; as if their Tongues were touch'd with a Coal from Hell, and their Conſciences ſear'd with an hot Iron out of the ſame Fire; that even as faſt as they fetch'd Words out of the abundance of their Hearts, ſo faſt this putrid Scum boils up into their Mouths from the ſame corrupt Fountain: yea, when they can *Swear* and *Rant*, not only out of inadvertence, but avowedly, for the Gallantry of the buſineſs, as if they were the braver Men, becauſe they dare be ſuch Sinners with a Witneſs, and *take Hell by violence*, ſcorning to be ſtopt or reſtrained, trampling under foot the *Blood of Chriſt*; if but to make themſelves ſport, piercing his Side afreſh with *Oaths*, ſharper than the Soldiers Spear; and playing away the Virtue of that *Name*, which alone is able to ſave them from the *Damnation* they imprecate. Here! here's a Field, Sir, wherein to acquit you as a Man, and approve your Conduct and Proweſs in making a worthy Oppoſition, and daring to appear for *God*, when ſuch multitudes have the Foreheads to let fly at him, and diſcover themſelves againſt him. Here's a Warfare where you have the beſt Cauſe, and the beſt Call; and if you ſhrink back, you fall under a Curſe too, even that of *Meroz, for not coming to the help of the Lord, againſt ſuch mighty* Adverſaries of his Glory.

Do but think with your ſelf, Sir, what an unpardonable Affront would ſuch a one as you account it, to be call'd

called a Baſtard? And the moſt indelible Brand of Cowardice, not to ſtand up in your own Vindication, under ſuch a vile Imputation. But, truly Sir, if *a Son honours his Father*, and cannot endure to ſee him expoſed, or hear him ridicul'd; I muſt be bold to tell you, that you give ſhrew'd ſuſpition you are but of a Spurious Brood, and no true Child of the *Heavenly Father*, when you can find in your heart, ſo *unnaturally*, and even of ſet purpoſe, to load his *Name* with Scorn; yea, when you can but be a tame and ſilent Witneſs of his Diſhonour, and your Blood not riſe, and *your Spirit not be ſtirr'd in you*, to put you upon the Vindicating and Aſſerting of his Right and Glory.

Should one offer to give you the Lye, I know, Sir, you would think your Honour ſo touched, there were not only Apology enough for a Quarrel, but even neceſſity of a Duel. And yet, if you are a *Swearer*, pray what conſidering Man will you ever induce to believe that you are no *Lyar*? For what ſhould make him ſtrain ſo much at a *Lye*, who has ſo glib a Swallow for *Oath upon Oath?* When the very ſame *Lord* that ſaid, *Thou ſhalt not forſwear thy ſelf*; ſaid alſo, *Swear not at all*: He that ſticks not to thwart him in the latter, it is hard truſting him in the former. And to tye *Truth* to ſuch Mens *Oaths*, how fond and ſenſeleſs is it? It is true, ſay you, for I heard ſuch a one *ſwear it*: Pitiful Logick! When the right Inference from the Premiſes is juſt on the other ſide, It's falſe, or nothing like to be true, becauſe a *Swearer* affirmed it. For what's ſaid by the *Swearers*, be ſure comes from none of *Chriſt's* Scholars, who is *Truth* it ſelf; they are better Taught, and *Swear not at all.* It muſt then come from them, who are of his training up, that is, the *Father of Lyes*, and is to be credited thereafter. And ſuch muſt never hope

to recover their Credit among the *Wiſe*, till they ceaſe to be found among the *Swearers*; their *Word* then, will indeed go a great deal further than now their *Oath*.

Do but ſee then here, Sir, how miſchievous to the World, and what an irreparable wrong to humane Society, is the weakning theſe Sacred Bonds of Conſcience, by the frequent uſe of *Oaths* in ordinary Chat, ſo to render them cheap and contemptible; when the *Awe and Reverence of an Oath* is quite loſt and gone, by debaſing it to every toyiſh purpoſe; And when Men can play with *Oaths*, even every where; alas, who can expect they ſhould be punctual and ſerious therein any where? And after this rate, what the more ſatisfaction can you have, when you give Men their *Oaths*, that they do not make a *Lye* as well as make *Oath*? And how can the *King and Queen* be ſure of ſuch Mens *Allegiance*, or any one elſe of their true *Teſtimony* of *Fidelity* to their Promiſe? And ſo Kingdoms are ſhaken, and all *Faith* and *Truſt* among Men deſtroyed, by the idle, trivial uſe of *Swearing*. And for all ſuch Damages accruing to the Publick, from this horrid Abuſe of Speech, every *Common Swearer* is reſponſible; and much more thoſe of Eminent Station, who by their Examples ſhould teach others better.

How like a Ruler then, that *Rules for God*, as well as *Reigns by him*, does the King's moſt Excellent Majeſty now urge the hampering thoſe *unruly Beaſts of the People* with Penal Inflictions, that will not be wrought upon to forgo ſuch a Barbarous Practice, by any more fair perſwaſive Methods? And as they are the deadly Enemies of their Country, who will not abridge themſelves of this Ungodly Pleaſure, tho

it

it were to ſave a Church, to ſave a Kingdom, and to pleaſe *God and the King* both together; So I dare refer it to your ſelf, Sir, (when you do but entertain any ſerious Thoughts) what true Friends they can be to the *Publick*, who in ſuch a Caſe as this, will Heal and Connive at the Offenders, and not dare, what in them lies, as far as they are bound, to bring ſuch notorious Criminals to Shame and Suffering. But this, alas, we are not like to have the pleaſure of ſeeing, till the Leſſer Wheels move yet more regularly under the Greater. For the Vulgar will not think it good Manners to lead their Betters the way, till *yea, yea*; and *nay, nay*; become the Mode of their Landlords and Maſters, as well as of their King and Queen; and not only *Sovereignty* on the Throne, but *Magiſtracy* alſo on the Bench, *fears an Oath*. But, O! how happy then would it be with us, if every one concern'd would act as *Good Subjects* under the *Beſt of Rulers*, who are not *for bearing the Sword in Vain*, but would be (as a Joy to them that do well, ſo) *a Terror to Evil-doers*.

Now, this, Sir, I cannot but think moſt pertinent for your Conſideration, who profeſs ſo much *Love to your Country, and Loyalty to King* William *and Queen* Mary. They are both indeed excellent Pretenſions, and 'tis great pity you ſhould be therein guilty of any Self-contradictions.

For how can you ſincerely *Love your Country*, when you Patronize the curſed thing that bodes nothing but its Ruin? As His *Sacred Majeſty*, moſt truly and piouſly, like himſelf, has laid down the Poſition, *That our Religion, Peace, and Happineſs, are all endangered by reaſon of that overflowing of Vice, which is too notorious in this Nation.*

And what *Loyalty to Their Majesties*, when still you are so much for the thing, which they have declared themselves so much against? 'Tis, methinks, a strange sort of *Loyalty*, only to Cross and Provoke them. Though the Ranting Loyalty of Debauched Ruffians, it's true, was a while ago in Fashion; yet, pray good Sir, remember, that now it's another Reign, and such Princes (blessed be God) we are under, as do not make a Jest of all Serious Religion. And the pretence of honouring them with God's Dishonour, is growing so fulsome, that nothing more uncovers the Nakedness of the Authors; when the *King*'s published Letter again acquaints us, *That He most earnestly desires, and will endeavour a General Reformation of the Lives and Manners of all His Subjects, as being that which must establish His Throne.* What Supporters then are they of the *Throne*, who think still to testify their Loyalty by the most prophane Extravagancy? And what Honour and Deference do they pay to the *Royal Pleasure*, who instead of striving to promote it, only give broad Significations, how much they Scorn and Contemn it?

I have heard you declare, Sir, That you are no Papist, Phanatick, nor Disaffected to the Present Government. Yea, I perceive too much, you are very forward, uncall'd, to *Swear*, when some will not *Swear* now, though called to it. But in good truth, Sir, I think it is to little purpose, what you do call your self, as long as you abide under this *Heinous Guilt*; for at the bottom they can be of no Religion at all, but are the foulest Scandal to the *Christian Name*, and a heavy Plague to the World, who Name *God* in their *Oaths*, oftner than in

in their *Prayers*; and have little to do with Him, but only thus to provoke him. See that you do not here ſymbolize too right with *Rome*, before you are aware, in poſtponing the *weighteſt Matters of the Law, to the Mint, Anniſe and Cummin*; while you inveigh moſt bitterly againſt all that (to a hairs breadth) conform not to Humane Inſtitutions, and in the mean time your ſelf can ſwallow the Camels of ſuch Monſtrous *Oaths*, as make the greateſt Violation, and the rudeſt Attack upon *God*'s own expreſs Commands.

One would think you owed the *Church of England* no real Kindneſs, Sir, when you ſo eagerly lay claim to its Membership, only to Reproach it; as if it gave you a Protection for that open Ungodlineſs, which the the very *Light of Nature* utterly Shames and Condemns: And you would prove your ſelf a *Son of the Church*, by acting like a *Child of the Devil*. Sir, you too much Credit thoſe, whom you ſo divert your ſelf to Beſpatter; yea, you change Names with them, while you Rant at them. For who in earneſt is the bigger Fanatick and Madcap, he that boggles at an indifferent Ceremony, or he that makes no Conſcience at all of the moſt notorious Damnable Iniquity? Do you think to Convert Diſſenters with your hairbrain'd *Swearing and Damning?* Or to invite them into our Holy Communion, with ſuch leud Communication? Indeed, no wonder this ſhould make the *Offering of the Lord abhorred*; and bring a Scandal and Prejudice on the beſt Cauſe it ſelf, for the ſake of ſuch kind of Patrons and Abettors appearing in it, only to turn the Adverſaries Stomacks more, and open their Mouths wider againſt it.

Be

Be it known to you, Sir, The *Church of England* is no Mother of ſuch Abominations: 'Tis the ſilliеſt miſtake in any, that think to find *Swearing* in her *Litany*. And he as obſtinately ſhuts his Eyes againſt the Light, who ſees not all irreverent Abuſe of *God's Name*, cried down in her *Homily*. But when you can ſo defile your own Neſt, and Blemiſh the moſt *Excellent Profeſſion*, as well as deſperately fling at the *Glory* of Him that made you; Here, if ever, *The Righteous Judge of all the Earth* is concern'd to ſhew himſelf, and take ſuch Audacious Criminals in hand, to make them feel it in *Judgments* worthy of *God*, who will not leave off, ſo to dare him to it; but carry on the Affront ſtill, tho their Sin hath not ſo much as the face of any Worldly Intereſt, or Fleſhly Pleaſure in it; and there's no Natural Inclination, or Impetuous Appetite to it, not ſo much as to make the Plea of Humane Infirmity for it. But the mad *Swearer ſwears* ever for pure *Swearing* ſake; Sins *Gratis*, in Contempt of Heaven; and Sells his Soul for no Conſideration at all, but out of a Fantaſtick Humour, to follow an inconſiderate Herd to his own Eternal Ruin.

Good Sir, you have Reaſon to Judge and Conſider in Caſes much leſs plain than this; what Lethargy then has ſeized your Senſe, that it does not befriend you here? To reflect, what a *fearful thing it is to fall into the Hands of the Living God, who is a Righteous Judge, Strong, and Patient, and wretchedly provoked* (you know it) *every day*. But think you not that he could command the Earth to open her Jaws, and take the *Swearers* down quick into Hell, as once it did *Corah* and his Crew? Or think you

you not, that he could Rain a Hell down even from Heaven, as he did on *Sodom*, and the Cities of the Plain? For certain *his Arm is not ſhortned, that he cannot*; but his Bowels are ſo tender, he waits, and gives Ill Men ſpace to Repent and Turn; which if after all his *Goodneſs that ſhould lead them to Repentance*, they will not, it's time for him then to lay to his Hand, and *whet his Sword, and bend his Bow, and make ready his Arrows, and prepare for them the Inſtruments of Death.*

Your ſelf, Sir, I am ſure, would never endure to have ſuch Contempt caſt upon you, and ſuch Affronts offered you: And muſt he, that is ſo beyond all Compariſon more Excellent, be thus put upon, and take all the fouleſt Indignities from you? All the Patience in the World elſe, would never bear at this rate. And abundant Experience indeed, Sir, you have had of it, that God is *Long-ſuffering*; But yet he that endures ſo long, will not do it always: Abuſed Mercy muſt be righted, and will have Vengeance. Tho the prophane *Swearer* may be ready to think himſelf hail-fellow with his *Glorious Maker*; yet be ſure his Sin will find him out. God has his Book of Accounts, in which all the *Oaths* ſtand upon Record; and he hath ſaid, *He will not hold him Guiltleſs*: And the Blaſphemous Wretch will be like to find a *Meioſis* too in that Threat, which imports thus much more than is expreſt, that ſuch ſhall be proceeded againſt as the moſt guilty. And 'tis as if he ſhould ſay, I will be ſure to puniſh them, whoever elſe eſcape; becauſe of my *Name*, I am moſt tender, even as the *Apple of mine Eye*; ſuch ſhall therefore take my *Name in vain* another day too, and in the laſt Judgment, cry *Lord, Lord,*

Lord, but I will not hear them. And after all their time of *Swearing* and Slighting me, I will take my time to caſt them off, and *ſwear they ſhall never enter into my Reſt.*

Thus is the *Swearer*'s Doom gone out already: And he does but Antidate his own Eternal *Dirges*, as he ſo often Anticipates the Sentence of his own *Damnation*; beginning betimes to Exercile himſelf in that *Curſing and Blaſpheming*, which is like to be the beſt Muſick of his Torments for ever; and ſo well may *Orcus* ſignify, both an *Oath* and *Hell*, when they are ſo near a kin. The Place rings with ſuch Sounds, and it gapes for ſuch Miſcreants, as uſe to belch out this Poyſon, only to pleaſe a Deviliſh Humour.

Now, Sir, will you cry, *Damn him, he Preaches Damnation?* Tho you ſhould ſo vent your Indignation; you know a Reaſon why I am not to wonder at the very worſt you can ſay againſt your *Fellow Creature.* But with your leave, Sir, if I do predict the *Wrath to come*, that you may *flee from it*, I think I do but offer you a Bleſſing for your Imprecation; and let my Charity find only the contemptuous Return, *He Preaches!* I ſhall as little regard to be made the Scorn of the *Swearers*, as the *Song of the Drunkards.*

But I hope better things yet, Sir, from ſuch a Temper and Reaſon as yours. I hope that you, who can be ſo obliging to others, will not perverſly ſhake off a Servant of his you call your *Saviour*, only *Praying you in Chriſt's ſtead to be Reconciled unto God.* I hope that you, who know ſo much more than many of your poor Inferiors, will be Wiſer than to make the ſad purchaſe of *more Stripes*, for ſtriking

ſtriking ſo madly at God himſelf, when as Conſcience cannot chuſe but tell you all the while, 'tis nothing but *kicking againſt the pricks*, and Strugling with Him, who will certainly prove quite too hard for you.

Your fair Reception of a late Friendly Admonition, ſpeaks you to be of another nature than thoſe Beaſts that *turn again, and rent* their Reprovers. And it is a thouſand pities, that a Diſpoſition and Ingenuity capable of the moſt Excellent Impreſſions, ſhould be ſo over-run with rank Weeds, and the moſt pernicious Briars.

Alas, Sir, What can you ever propoſe to your ſelf, in adhering to a Scandalous Haunt, that hath no manner of Satisfaction, even to the Carnal Appetite; pleaſeth never a Senſe? You know what the Ingenious and Honourable Mr. *Herbert* ſays, *Were I an Epicure, I could hate Swearing; 'tis Pleaſure that drills on the Drunkard; filthy Lucre that's the Miſers bait; and the Ambitious tow'rs after the Lure of Honour; all have ſome Colour, tho falſe, for their Evil; only the Diabolical* Swearer *embraces Wickedneſs even for it ſelf.*

Let me beſeech you then, Sir, for pity to your own Soul, (if not for the Fear and Love of God) Reſcue it from the Bonds of this Ruining Cuſtom, and do not yield your ſelf to be *taken Captive by the Devil at his will.* But after all your impious *Oaths*, will you make one *Religious Vow*, never ſo to *Swear* again; and *Fear an Oath*, even as you would dread a Chain that will bind you to Fire unquenchable. O! let him that gave you a Tongue, and Power to uſe it, have the Praiſe and Glory of it. And do not make it the Wea-

pon ſo to Fight with your Maker, againſt whom none did ever ſtand it out and proſper. Nor think it will ever at all leſſen your ſelf, ſhould you vouchſafe moſt highly to magnify Him, and for ever ſtand in awe of Him, whom all the Nobleſt Creatures in the World are Ambitious to Honour and Adore.

Can it chuſe, Sir, but grate hard upon your Rational Senſe, to pervert that Power of ſpeaking, which ſets you ſo much above the Bruits, to make you even like the Devils? And ſhall the Member, ſtil'd your Glory, only ſerve to ſhame your ſelf, for throwing Dirt with it at your *Lord and Maſter?* O! What hath he ever done to you, that you ſhould ſo fly upon him? Hath he filled you ſo full with his abundant Kindneſſes of various Sorts, only that you ſhould Swell and Burſt out againſt him, and ever and anon be ſpeaking Evil of Him, who is continually doing you Good? And what are you made of, if that moſt Venerable Word of his, which Awes all the World, is no more to you than the moſt Contemptible Ballad, which you can Trample in the Dirt; venturing ſtill to Swear ſo thick, when therein you are ſo ſtrictly charged, *Not to do it at all?*

O! Sir, as you have, I ſay, not only, any Conſcience and Religion of a *Chriſtian*, but any Sobriety, Decency, and Diſcretion of a *Man*; have no more to do with ſuch notorious Works of the Devil, but Renounce, Reprove them, and teſtify your Abhorrence of them; and make all elſe, that ever you are able, aſham'd and afraid of them. O! uſe your Tongue henceforth

henceforth to better purpoſes, than as the Boyſtrous Inſtrument to lift up againſt Heaven, and deſtroy your own Soul, and injure all your Neighbours, (I ſay, *All*) while you nothing but harden ſome, and ſadden the reſt. And let not the ſame *Mouth*, with which you pray to *God*, and praiſe him, be ever wrung to thoſe harſh and hideous Notes of *Curſing and Blaſpheming*.

O! be Thankful to Him, that he hath not long ſince taken you off in the Act of *Swearing*, and thrown you down into the place of *endleſs Curſing*. And *ſpeak Good of his Name*, which he would have to be for ever exalted above all things; take it not into your *Mouth* only to pollute it; nor ever mention it, but with all *Reverence and Godly Fear*. If you take not the Lord for a dumb Idol, dare not any more ſo to *Reproach the Living God*. For, alas, the little Bubble that Swells, and arrogantly imagines to appear Big for huffing the Almighty himſelf, will but thus the ſooner be daſhed to pieces; and God will get Glory to himſelf in confounding the proud Rebel, who after a little Blaze, ſhall go out in a Stench here, and awake hereafter to Shame and Everlaſting Contempt. But *them that Honour him*, *God will Honour*: Honour them with that Honour that is of himſelf, a deſerved Reputation on *Earth*, and *Glory Everlaſting in his Heavenly Kingdom*.

Sir, I fear you are tired with reading, and I hope you will grow as weary of the rebuked Sin, which yet will bring you a far heavier Reckoning. I pray, that you may ſo feel the Burden of its Guilt, that you

you may never feel the Weight of its Punishment. And God grant that you may become as Eminent and Exemplary for your Tenderness and Zeal to Reverence the Name of God, and Assert his Glory, as ever you have been Obnoxious, and under Censure, for making bold with his Titles, and trampling upon his Honour. I am, Sir,

Your most Faithful Monitor,

and Humble Servant,

B. J.

FINIS.